

DELL

NO. 132

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Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



THE YUKON

WILDERNESS
ROAD TO RICHES



WHEN THE NEWS OF A BIG GOLD STRIKE IN THE ALASKA REGION OF NORTHWEST CANADA REACHED GOLD-HUNGRY PROSPECTORS IN WESTERN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, THIS LITTLE-KNOWN REGION WAS FLOODED WITH WILD, HARD MEN. THE ONLY WAY TO REACH THE GOLD BELT WAS TO TRAVEL DOWN THE YUKON RIVER AND THEN STRIKE OFF ON A SMALLER STREAM THAT LED TO THE GOLD-RICH DEPOSITS. THE YUKON RIVER, FORMERLY A 'WILDERNESS ROAD' FOR TRAPPERS AND INDIANS, BECAME A FAMOUS ROUTE TRAVELLED BY THOUSANDS OF MEN. THE YEAR WAS 1897 AND THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT WAS HARD-PRESSED IN ITS EFFORTS TO MAINTAIN ORDER.

INTO THE BREACH JUMPED THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE. THE FAMOUS 'MOUNTIES'—THEY WERE A TERRITORIAL ORGANIZATION MUCH THE SAME AS A STATE POLICE FORCE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS ONLY LATER THAT THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF CANADA REORGANIZED THE FORCE AS ITS OWN LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM THE FORCE HAD WAS THE INTERNATIONAL BORDER BETWEEN ALASKA AND CANADA. A CRIMINAL WHO HAD JUMPED A PROSPECTOR AND TAKEN HIS POKER IN ALASKA WOULD COME UP THE RIVER TO CANADA, WHERE THE AMERICAN POLICE COULDN'T FOLLOW, AND A CANADIAN LAWBREAKER DID THE OPPOSITE, GOING DOWN THE RIVER TO THE WILDERNESS JUST OVER THE BORDER.

BUT IN SPITE OF THE NUMEROUS DIFFICULTIES FACING THE FEW BRAVE MOUNTED POLICEMEN, ORDER WAS MAINTAINED AND THE MOUNTY BECAME FAMOUS FOR ALWAYS GETTING HIS MAN.

Sergeant PRESTON

AND
THE MUTINY'S
SURVIVOR

IN THE MURDER HALL
AT DAWSON,
BEARDED "HORN-
SQUARED" MENSLIE
WITH THE CREW
MEN FROM THE
RIVER BOAT
"JAGGED"

"DO YOU LOVE
ME, HOLLY DARLING?"

PIPE THAT SOLDIER WITH THE BEARD,
MIESE? LOOKS LIKE HE HAD A BRUISE
AGAINST THE WALLS!

"YOU HARMED
IT, MATE?"
"SPECIALLY
AGAINST ME!"

THAT'S JOHNNY DONAHUE—AND I THOUGHT HE WAS
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BLUE SEA! HE'S RECOVERED
ME—INSPITE OF HIS BEARD!

I'LL BE BETTING BACK TO THE SHIP,
MIESE—WHILE I'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE
MONEY IN MY POCKET...
SO LONG!

SEE YOU AROUND,
JOHNNY—IF YOUR
BEARDED FRIEND DON'T
EAT ME FIRST!
HAY, HAY!

SKIPPING THE BOAT HE HEARD IN THE MURDER HALL,
JOHNNY DONAHUE WALKS TOWARD THE FROZEN
WATERFRONT

"HEY! WHO'S—"
"SHUT UP, DONAHUE! I'M
ASKING THE QUESTIONS!"



SUDDENLY HE IS BESIDE THE WOUNDED MAN, POURING BLOOD! A WHINE OF SYMPATHY IS THE BEST COMFORT HE CAN GIVE.



THEN HE IS OFF AGAIN, HEADED FOR THE QUARTERS OF HIS OWNER, SERGEANT PRESTON, OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.







"WE WERE IN THE BULK SEA,
BOUND FOR MANILA, WHEN A
TYPHOON HIT US! IT WAS
THE WORST STORM I
EVER SAW



"THE FIRST OFFICER WAS
WASHED OVERBOARD
ABOUT MIDNIGHT



"JUST AFTER DAWN, THE SECOND MATE WAS KILLED
WHEN THE FORECAST CRACKED" THAT LEFT ME
SECOND IN COMMAND TO THE SKIPPER



"THE FIFTH-FOUR HOURS FROM THE TIME THE TYPHOON
STROOK US, THE "CHINA BELL'S" LOSS BECAME
CERTAIN "

"SHE'S BREAKING UP, MR. COMMANDER! I'LL GO BELOW
NOW FOR THE SHIP'S PAPERS AND THE MONEY BOX
THEN WE'LL STAND BY TO ABANDON HER "



"I WAITED AS LONG AS I BARED . . . AND THEN TURNED
THE WHEEL OVER TO ONE OF THE CREW "

"HOLD HER AS WELL AS YOU
CAN, LAMBERT! I'M GOING
BELOW AFTER THE OLD
MAN -- HE'S BEEN GONE
TOO LONG!"

"AYE, AYE, SIR!"



"GRAB! SHOT THROUGH
THE HEART!"

"I FOUND THE SKIPPER MURDERED... AND THE
MONEY BOX GONE!"



JONES! THE SKIFFER
HAD BEEN MURDERED—

MURDERED! THEN—IT
WAS WATER WHO'D COME IT,
SAY! HE HAD STOVE IN ALL
THE LIFEBOATS BUT ONE,
AND HE'S GOT SIX HANDS
LOWERING THAT!



LOOK THERE, JIM—IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE MEY HE'S GOT THE
CAPTAIN'S MONEY HOD UNDER
HIS ARM— AND A GUN!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
IT'S A MURDER!



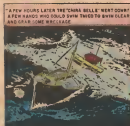
BAXTER, DROP THAT GUN— AND THAT MONEY BOX!

WELL, HAW! DROP TWENTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS—
AND THE ONLY GUN ABOARD
SHIP— STOP MAKING
FOOL AND, BAXTER!



"THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO TO STOP HER—
THE BOAT WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT IN
THE STORM!"

YOU CAN— REPORT US— FOR MURDER—
WHEN YOU GET TO— BAXTER, JAMES!
LOOKIN' HAW! HAW!



"A FEW HOURS LATER THE 'CHINA BELLE' WENT DOWN!
A FEW HANDS WHO COULD SWIM TRIED TO SWIM CLEAR
AND GRAB SOME WRECKAGE.



"I SWAM ALL THE NEXT NIGHT TO A HATCH COVER—
AND THE NEXT DAY, BY A MIRACLE, I WAS PICKED UP!
NEITHER BAXTER NOR ANY OTHERS OF THE CHINA
BELLE'S CREW WAS EVER HEARD OF AGAIN . . .



IT FORCED PRESTON TO BREAK TRAIL THROUGH THE
BLINDS AND, WORSE STILL, IT ERASED ALL CHANCE
OF FOLLOWING BEN BAXTER, EXCEPT BY GUESSTWORK.



RIVER HAND, KING! WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE THAT
BAXTER IS STILL HEADING SOUTH. WITH THE SNOW
COVERING HIS TRACKS, HE WOULDN'T BOTHER TO
LEAVE THE RIVER AND HIT INTO THE BLINDS.



WE'LL STOP BY BUCK MARTIN'S
CABIN AT THE MOUTH OF INDIAN
CREEK. IT'S JUST POSSIBLE BAXTER
WILL HAVE HEARD.



WELL, SERGEANT
PRESTON? I'D HAVE
THOUGHT YOU HAD
MORE SENSE THAN
TO BE MUSHING ON
A DAY LIKE THIS?
COME ON!

THE WEATHER
WASN'T MY CHOICE.
BUCK--- I'M AFTER
BAXTER!



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM BY
CHANCE--- A BIG MAN WITH BLACK
EYES AND BEARD, DRINKING A BOB
TEAM---?

YUP!
YESTERDAY
AFTERNOON!
HE LEFT HIS DOGS
HERE AND WENT ON
SAID HE HAD TO REACH A
SICK FRIEND UP INDIAN CREEK.



ELL REST A COUPLE OF
HOURS? FEED MY DOGS.
WILL YOU, BUCK?

FORGET, SERGEANT!
BUT YOU'LL TAKE A
CUP OF HOT TEA,
FIRST!



JUST TWO HOURS LATER, BUCK IS HELPING
SERGEANT PRESTON WICK UP

THE BLIZZARD'S STOPPED,
BUCK'S MY TEAM CAN CATCH
UP WITH BAXTER SOON

YOU MAY FIND
HIM DEAD ON
THE TRAIL!



BAXTER WON'T BE
DEAD --- HE'S A
TOUGH GUY! SO
LONG, BUCK!

TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF,
SERGEANT!



THREE DAYS LATER -- AT THE FORESTED RIM OF
A LONG VALLEY, NOW BAXTER STOPS FOR THE
TWENTIETH TIME TO SCAN HIS BACK TRAIL



SUDDENLY, IN THE CIRCLE OF THE LENS APPEARS A
GOD TEAM.



THAT'S A MOUNTAIN -- PROBABLY SERGEANT PRESTON
I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING. TILL I CAN FIGURE AWAY
TO TRAP HIM! IT WILL BE DARK SOON



THERE'S A CABIN! PRESTON
WILL STOP THERE --- SO I'LL
HIDE CLOSE BY AND PLUM HIM
WHEN HE'S OFF GUARD!



BUT A YOUNG MAN AT THE CABIN'S WOODPILE, SPOTS THE KILLER'S SHADOWNY FIGURE, AND HAILS HIM



MY PARTNER AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER SOUL FOR A MONTH. HELLO, WAIT --- OPEN THE DOOR? WE'VE GOT COMPANY!



GO ON IN, MISTER ---

THANKS! GEE, BUT I LOOK WHO'S HERE ---



YOU --- GET YOUR HANDS UP AND FACE THE WALL! OUTSIDE!

YOU --- YOU'VE KILLED TOM --- MY PARTNER!



--- BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! ---















DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE
FILLED UP ALREADY,
SERGEANT! HAVE
SOME MORE TO EAT!

NO, THANKS, I SIMPLY
COULDN'T! BESIDES I'VE
GOT TO REACH SOMERSET CAMP
BEFORE DARK TAKES ABSEN-
TENESSE!



THOSE TWO OLD GOATS LOVE EACH
OTHER LIKE TWINN, KING! THEY
DANCE! JUST TO MAKE LIFE
INTERESTING!

HAHA!
JIP, HAP
HAP, HAP



WELL, BARUM! LEFTY AND I ARE
ON OUR WAY TO SOMERSET TO UNLOAD
SOME MORE GOLDENSA STOCK ON
SUNDAY. THOUGHT WE'D STOP FOR
THE NIGHT!

GOOD THING
YOU DID! LASH!
SET DOWN!

THAT DARK EVENING, TWO MEN
ARRIVE AT THE ABANDONED
GOLDENSA HOLE.



COME INTO THE OLD
TUNNEL! I'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
SHOW YOU!

YOU MEAN THE PLACE
THAT YOU'VE "BALTED"
WITH REAL GOLD TO FOOL
ANY DUCKER THAT WANTS
PROOF BEFORE HE BUYS
STOCK?



NO! WHILE I WAS SEARCHING
AROUND FOR A SPOT TO "BALT",
I STRUCK THE RICHEST VEIN
OF HIGH GRADE THAT I'VE
EVER TREAT!

SHOW IT TO US-
QUICK! IF YOU'RE
NOT SIKING US
A WINDY!

YOU'RE
FOOLING US!



THERE?

NOW! IT'S
ROTTER
HIGH WITH
GOLD!

AND WE WERE ON OUR
WAY TO SELL THE
REST OF OUR STOCK IN
THIS HOLE, SHARP! FROM
NOW ON, WE'RE SELLING
STOCK!









EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT YOU TWO HAVE THROATCUTTED FOR YEARS TO BLOW EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT! IF YOU CONFESS, THE JURY MIGHT CALL IT MURDER—INSTEAD OF MURDER! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH FOR YOU, SAGEBRUSH!

SHUCKS! WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT MY LIFE---NOW THAT OLD TERRIBLESIDE IS GONE! ALL I WANT TO SEE IS HIS MURDERER CRYING!



--- AND MILES AWAY, SHERIFF PRESTON IS DOING IN BRAY OF THE BOLDSKOA'S EXCHANGE TURNED



INSIDE THE TUNNEL, OLD TERRIBLESIDE IS TUCKING OUT HIS SECOND OUT OF CAPTIVITY...

ALL THE WATER YOU WANT TO DRINK, AS SOON AS YOU SIGN OVER THESE STOCK CERTIFICATES, TERRIBLESIDE!

YOU'LL DIE HERE IF YOU DON'T, OLD MAN!

HOPE! YOU'LL FINISH ME WHEN YOU GET MY SIGNATURE--- NOT BEFORE!



A OOH! SOMEONE'S COMING, BARLUM! CARRY THE OLD GOST PARTNER BACK INTO THE MINE! I'LL SEE WHO IT IS!



WELCOME TO COLGORDA, SHERIFF! MY NAME'S BLADE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

THERE ARE THREE HORSES OUTSIDE WHERE ARE YOUR PARTNERS?



MY---UH---PARTNERS? WELL, THEY'RE BACK IN THE MINE SOMEWHERE! WE ALL GOT STUCK WITH SOME MOUNTAIN SHARDS--- AND CAME HERE TO SEE HOW BADLY WE'RE HOBSED--- ---GRR--- GRRP BACK HERE, FELLOW!

LET HIM GO, BLADE---





SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE ACCIDENTALLY UNCOVERED A
 HORN OF MIGHTY RICH ONE IN THIS ABANDONED MINE—
 ... SO THOSE SHARPS OL' SAGEBRUSH SOLD ME FOR
 FIVE DOLLARS AND WITH A FORTUNE, AFTER ALL—
 HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!



SAGEBRUSH, I'VE GOT GOOD
 NEWS HERE FOR YOU! SERGEANT
 PRESTON HAS CAPTURED THE TWO
 OUTLAWS THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE
 FOR BURNING DOWN TENNESSEE'S
 DAM!!

"WHOO! H'RAY
 FOR YOU—
 SERGEANT! NOW
 THE FINE MURDER-
 ERS WILL PAY WITH
 THEIR LIVES—"



NO! I'M AFRAID
 WE CAN'T PROVE
 THAT THEY ACTUALLY
 KILLED TENNESSEE!

HEAR! YOU HEAR THAT,
 SERGEANT! THAT TAKES
 ALL THE JOY OUT OF ME
 BEIN' FREE! YOU'VE GOT
 TO PROVE IT!—



WELL, YOU DAD-RATTLED OLD
 VILLAIN! I BELIEVE YOU WANT
 ME DEAD! LEASTWAYS TO
 HEAR YOUR TALE—

**THEY'RE STILL
 ... ALIVE!**



"WHOO! PRESTON!
 H'RA-H'RA!" YOU ARE
 ALIVE, YOU OL' MOOSE-
 HEAD! NO SHOOT-GUYS
 EVER LOOK SO GRIMLY!
 HAH, HAH!

EASY, THERE, YOU
 GRIMLY GALLON! I
 AIN'T ET FOR TWO
 DAYS, OR I'D PUT YOU
 ON YOUR BACK AN'
 THOMP ON YOU— FOR
 MURKIN MY HEAD!

AHH-AHH!



MOVE IN WITH ME, YOU OL'
 LOON! SON BOB'S YOUR
 NOTICE IT! I'M RICH ENOUGH
 TO BUILD A FINE HOME FOR
 THE TWO OF US!

HOW, YOU
 LOON HERE,
 TURNESSE—

IT LOOKS TO ME AS
 IF THIS CASE WERE
 CLOSED! WHAT DO YOU
 THINK, SERGE?

TARP!



Sergeant PRESTON

AND THE PRINTED TIP-OFF

YEAR'S HAD THAT
CHECKED
EDITOR STARTED
PRINTING JOKE,
STORY!

BOB, RUN, RUN!
LISTEN TO THIS IN THE
PREFABRICATED BARRY
NEWS, FELLAS!

HOLD UP IN AN ABANDONED
CABIN ON WOLF CREEK, THE NOTORIOUS
"STONY" LOAN, AND HIS GANG WAIT
FOR THE HARBOR FOLLOWING THEIR
LATEST ROBBERY TO BE DOWN

IT'S BOB! TO BE A JOKE—BUT NOT ON
AS, SCARY! LISTEN... "THE HARBOR
CARD HAS DONE A LAMBLING BUSINESS
SINCE IT OPENED, A WEEK AGO" AND
HERE'S ANOTHER BIT... "THE BOAT
FROM BARSON WILL ARRIVE FRIDAY,
CROWDED WITH NEWCOMERS TO
THE GOLD CREEKS"

BO WHAT? THEY HAVEN'T BOO ANY BOLO FOR
US—YET!

AA, YOU SCREWHEADS COULDN'T MAKE FOUR OUT OF
TWO—AND TWO? THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT—AND THE
HARBOR'S CARD'S TILL WILL BE BOBBY! OVER—
NOT TO MENTION THE CASH IN THE POCKETS OF
EVERYBODY THERE! GET IT NOW!

GRAB YOUR PARRAS—AND
YOUR GUNS! WE'RE BOB!
TO WALK INTO THAT CAFE,
JUST TWO HOURS FROM
NOW!

STONY—YOU'VE
GOT A BARRASOM IDEA
THERE! WE'LL BE THE
LAST CUSTOMERS
THEY'LL EXPECT!
BAR, BAR, BAR!

THAT EVENING, AT THE HARBOR, YOUNG HARRY BURNS,
THE BARRY'S BOILER, GIVES THE PROPRIETOR A
PROMPTLY WARNING.

JIM, YOU COULDN'T NOT
KEEP ALL THAT MONEY ON
THE PLACE! ONE OF
THESE DAYS, SOME-
BODY WILL STEAL
IT!

I KNOW, HARRY! WHEN WE
GET THAT BARRASOM
PAPER'S CAMERAS
FOR, I'LL PUT IT THERE!



LATER, IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

HARRY, YOU OUCH! TO BE IN BED, INSTEAD OF PUTTING OUT A NEWSPAPER? THAT WOUND'S JUST STARTED TO HEAL!

THE JURY IS COMING OUT ON SCHEDULE, JIM... WITH AN EDITORIAL THAT'S GOING TO MAKE THE MOUNTIES APPEAL ABOUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCOTCH LOAN CASE!



I'LL SEND A COPY TO NIGHTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS BY THE NEXT BOAT DOWN TO DAMPEN... WE'LL GET ACTION -- OR KNOW THE REASON WHY! ONE CONSTABLE ISN'T ENOUGH TO HANDLE LOZAN!



THE MORNING THAT THE NEWSPAPER ARRIVES AT DETACHMENT HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR WAYWARD CALLS SERGEANT PRESTON INTO HIS OFFICE...

YOU SENT FOR ME, INSPECTOR?

YES, SERGEANT. I'M SENDING YOU AND KING TO WHITEHORSE.



IF YOU DON'T MIND, OH--I'D RATHER TRY IT ALONE! WITH KING, OF COURSE...

NUMPH! YOU LOVE THE DANGEROUS WAY, DON'T YOU, SERGEANT? BUT YOU ALWAYS GET THE RESULTS WE WANT.



A SMALL GANG, HEADED BY ONE "TIGHT" LOZAN, IS TERRORIZING THAT DISTRICT CONSTABLE WELLS AND HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO CATCH THEM, AND THE NEWSPAPER IS KIPPING US UP THE BACK FOR DOING NOTHING! SO I'M SENDING YOU AND TWO OTHER MEN--



AT THE END OF A FAST TRIP UPWIND TO WHITEHORSE, PRESTON CALLS AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

GOOD AFTERNOON! YOU'RE BURNED -- EDITOR OF THE WHITEHORSE GAZETTE AREN'T YOU? I'M SERGEANT PRESTON FROM DAMPEN.

YES, I'M HARRY BURN, AND I'M VERY GLAD YOU'RE HERE, SERGEANT! HOW MANY MEN DID YOU BRING?





AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, HERE'S
ANOTHER TIP-OFF IN LOGAN'S PAPER.
WELLAND'S HERE. WHERE IT
SAYS THAT ROBERT MERRILL, AN
OLD-TIMER ON THE GOLD GRIDS,
HAS STRUCK IT RICH ON CLAIM
TWENTY-TWO?



YOU MEAN THAT
HARRY BURNED THE
EDITORIAL IN
CONCORD WITH
THE LOGAN GANG?

NO---LOGAN NEARLY KILLED
BURNED IN THE CAVE AND THAT
YOUNG MAN IS ALL RIGHT.
GET INTO YOUR PARRA,
CONSTABLE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
YET, SERGEANT!
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?
TO CLAIM
TWENTY-TWO?
DON'T YOU SEE,
THE NEWS OF
ROBERT MERRILL'S
STRIKE IS A TIP-OFF FOR
LOGAN...AND FOR US TOO!



IF WE CAN REACH MERRILL
BEFORE LOGAN DOES, WE
MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THE
WHOLE GANG
THEIR!



RIGHT, SERGEANT!
THE TROUBLE WITH ME
IS I WASN'T SMART
ENOUGH TO FIGURE
IT OUT.



THERE'S MERRILL'S CABIN
LOOKS AS IF HE WAS JUST
LEAVING, SERGEANT!

HELLO, MERRILL! IT
SEEMS THAT WE REACHED
HERE JUST IN TIME.



YES! I WAS JUST
LEAVING FOR TOWN!
CAN I HELP YOU,
SERGEANT?

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, OLD-TIMER! WE
BELIEVE THAT THE LOGAN GANG HAS LEARNED BY
NOW OF YOUR NEW STRIKE, AND WILL PROBABLY
TRY TO ROB YOU! YOU AREN'T CARRYING ANY
GOLD TO TOWN, BY ANY CHANCE?



NOT A MATTER
OF FACT, I AM.

"IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, MERRILL! LOOKIN' AFT' MAYBE YOU AN' WHERE BETWEEN HERE AND WHITEHORSE? WE'LL STAY WITH YOU HERE TONIGHT, AND SEE YOU SAFELY TO TOWN TOMORROW OR NEXT DAY."



"NORFAR, I'LL SHOW YOU WHY I'M HERE, BOUNDER."

"KNOW WHAT THIS IS THAT I'M PULLING OUT FROM UNDER BOUNDER'S FUR? SERGEANT?"



"IT LOOKS LIKE A WILD BOOSE DULL WITHOUT THE FEATHERS."

"TOM! A BOOSE DULL, IT IS? AND WHEN I UNPLUG THE END OF IT, YOU SEE WHAT COMES OUT? GOLD DUST?"



"BETWEEN BOUNDER AND BOONER, I'VE GOT A HUNDRED OUNCES OF DUST IN BOOSE DULLS. HIDDEN IN THEIR FUR! DULLS ARE TIED DOWN, CLOSE TO THE SKIN, CAN'T BE SEEN! SAFE AS A BANK!"



"NOW I'VE BEEN EVERYTHING!"



"MAKE YOURSELVES TO HOME IN MY CAMPFIRE. OR COME ALONG BACK TO TOWN! ANYBODY HOLDS ME UP, THAT WON'T FIND ANY GOLD!"



"WE'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO JUDGE MERRILL, TO SAY, SO YOU'D BETTER GO ALONE WITH HIM, COMSTABLE. LOOKIN' DAMN NICE! SHOOT FIRST, AND SEARCH FOR HIS GOLD AFTERWARDS! I'LL STAY HERE."



"AND TRY TO CATCH THAT BARK JUNKY? IT'S SUICIDE, SERGEANT!"

"I WON'T BE ALONE, COMSTABLE! KINE IS WORTH THREE MEN, IN A PINCH!"







